COXEY MAY STRIKE A SNAG

Assemblages Forbidden by Statute to Use the Capitol Grounds.

LICENSE MUST FIRST BE GIVEN

Handsome Contributions Received by the Army—But Some of the Checks Are No Good—His Soldiers Disbanding in Pennsylvania—Thieves in the Ranks in Texas.

There is one circumstance which may interfere with the main feature of Gen. Coxey's announced programme at Washington. It has been stated that the object of his bringing his army here is to assemble it on the steps of the Capitol on the 1st of May for the purpose of impressing its views upon Congress. To do this it will be necessary to first secure authority from Congress, as there are specific acts upon the statute books forbidding the assemblage of crowds in the Capitol or on the Capitol grounds, or the holding of any sort of public meeting except the sessions of Congress and the assemblages which are incident to the inauguration of a President.

These laws go to the extent of forbidding organized parades through the capitol grounds The law is also very strict in regard to the invasion of the grounds, and when societies are given permission to march through them they are required to keep strictly upon the walks and driveways. Only on the occasion of inaugurations are people permitted to overrun the grounds.

That the necessary consent for the use of the Capitol grounds could be obtained for this purpose is considered extremely doubtful. Congress has always shown itself very jealous of the general use of the Capitol building and grounds, and a departure in favor of Coxey's brigade is most unlikely.

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have not considered as a board the impending invasion of Coxey's army. Commissioner Ross was asked what the plan of reception would be. He is not inclined to look upon the matter seriously and said: "It is hard to believe that sensible people will enter into any such move. If it is a body that threatens the peace, it is to be supposed that the governors of the states will arrest its progress.

"We will probably not take any action," he said, "until we hear that the body has started. There does not seem to be anything of the organization yet. When we hear that it has actually started and is moving on to Washington, instructions will be given to the police to properly deal with them."

THREE REPORTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Cash Given and Hay Offered to the Army of Unemployed.

MASSILLON, O., March 23.—J. S. Coxey received to-day in cash and checks the sum of $1,411 to be devoted to furthering the Commonweal. Robert C. Gwynns, of Chicago, writes:

"For several weeks I have been giving your proposed march much thought. I have also interested many other prominent real estate men. As a result we have decided to contribute $1,000 to be used as you may see fit. If you need any or all of this sum at once, please wire me, care of Robert C. Gwynn, room 901, 100 Washington street, Chicago. Yours for the cause of the oppressed. ROBERT C. GWYNN."

Here is a letter from Michigan, Ind.: "Please find enclosed check for $800, and draw on me for $55 per week till you secure the ear of Congress in the peoples' cause. Also permit me to add that all the hay on my Kankee meadows is at your disposal, if needed, while en route or in camp. T. SIMPSON SLOANE."

Here is another important missive: "To Gen. J. S. Coxey. Hail to the chief! Am entirely in sympathy with your grand movement. A century from now your name will be more revered than George Washington's. On to the Capitol and Washington and give the plutocrats hell. Enclosed please find check for $100 to aid the great cause of the people against the aristocrary. Down with the Senate. Yours in admiration, GEORGE B. COX, Cincinnati."

But Cox Denies It.

CINCINNATI, O., March 23.—If all the resources of Gen. Coxey's common weal army are like those represented by the check of George B. Cox, of this city, they will be valueless. Mr. Cox was shown a copy of the letter purporting to be sent to the general enclosing a hundred-dollar check. He promptly pronounced it a fraud. "I never sent him a check, nor any letter. I have no sympathy with his movement," said Mr. Cox.

Coxey's Texas Contingent.

EL PASO, TEX., March 23.—The first division of the industrial army, a motley crew, arrived here by special freight train last night. They were met and marched to the city hall yard, where they were served with a steaming meal of beef, beans, potatoes, and bread. After eating they bivouacked for the night. They go East to-day.

Firing Thieves from the Ranks.

DEMING, N. M., March 23.—Gen. Fry's industrial army, numbering over 600 men, reached here yesterday afternoon. The discipline made is first class. Twenty miles west, on the Southern Pacific, officers of the army put twenty-five professional thieves off the cars on the open prairie. The crowd left for El Paso to-night.

Some Who will Not Come.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 23.—Fourteen tramps giving picturesque names were arrested this afternoon after a rather fierce battle with the police, west of the river. Several shots were fired, and the tramps were clubed into submission. To-day, in the police court, the tramps received sentences that will keep them in the workhouse until too late to join Coxey's common weal, of which they all claimed to be recruits. They are a tough lot.

Potters Join the Army.

EAST LIVERPOOL, Ohio, March 23.—William Wilson, of New York, an agent for Coxey, the Massilon reformer, visited this city and Wellsville yesterday. He says that more than 500 men from here, mostly striking potters, will join the Coxey forces at Beaver Falls April 1 and that 200 will join from Wellsville. In this city John W. Hessey and James Green both defeated candidates for city marshal on the Democratic ticket, are marshaling the East Liverpool forces. They assert that over 300 men have signed the roll. John Nicholson is agent for the Wellsville brigade.

Evans' Forces Disbanding.

HAZLETON, Pa., March 23.—W. A. Evans, lieutenant of Coxey's common weal army, is hard at work to-day endeavoring to keep his forces from disbanding. Evans, however, is pronounced in his promises. He has received bushels of letters of offers of assistance. Many of these communications are from cranks who make extravagant expressions commending the movement. It is understood that Evans has already framed a new political platform which is to be a conspicuous feature of the demonstration at Washington.

Keystone Recruits in Limbo.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 23.—Seven more recruits from Lancaster and Philadelphia who were on their way to join Coxey's army were arrested in the Fort Wayne railroad yards to-day on a charge of trespass, and was sent to jail for five days.

Must Keep Cool in Texas.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 23.—Adjt. Gen. Matsey has no information of the arrival of a detachment of Coxey's army on the western frontier, as expected last night. He has a company of rangers there under Capt. Hughes to protect property if necessary, should Coxey's soldiers appear.

Raleigh Taft's Escape.

Raleigh Taft, the diamond thief, has justified his reputation of being a slick one. Before Detective Boardman, who left Thursday for Allegheny City, arrived there Taft broke out of his cell and escaped. Boardman will remain in Allegheny for several days.

Read The Times' advertisements, and other things being equal, a favor to our advertisers will be a favor to The Times.

Land Entry Canceled.

Secretary Smith has revoked a department decision of May 20, 1889, which allowed the private cash entry of Chauncey I. Hawley, of Florida, for various lots in Gainesville, Fla., to be submitted to the board of equitable adjudication of the State.

ALONG THE LINE OF DISTRICT REFORMS.

"You recall the collision between a cable train and an electric car at Fourteenth and U streets about a year ago?" Thus spoke Mr. T. J. Lasier, an old resident of the city. "As a result of that exciting clash of motive powers the cable company was compelled to stop its cars on the nearest side of U street. For a time the regulation was strictly observed, but time, you know, heals all sorrows and disagreeable recollections of that nature, and such has proved the case here.

"The company has grown lax, and closes its eyes at the non-observance of the regulation. I have personally seen cars on many occasions cross the trolley line without any unnecessary formalities. A case in point was the car on which I was riding to-day, which was guilty of this same breach of etiquette.

"Cable trains and U street cars frequently meet at the junction, and it becomes then a matter of speed. If this procedure is not altered there will be a collision before long which will possibly be termed an 'accident unavoidable.'"

"There is an instance of flagrant abuse of a franchise at which I grow more indignant with each passing day," said Lawyer A. S. Brown at the Loan and Trust building. "As is well known, the Brightwood Railway Company had its charter amended to lay tracks through Pleasant Plains from Seventh to Fourteenth street. The ground was broken, the tracks laid, the trolley posts set, and there the matter rests, and rests as did Rip in the Adirondacks. This branch, if rolling stock were introduced thereon, would be a great convenience as a cross-town line. In the section through which the line runs real estate is running up-grade rapidly. But the evil has been discussed time and again, with no satisfactory results.

"The people up there have held indignation meetings, and the sentiment is unanimous that if the case is put in the hands of Judge Lynch and nothing further be said on the subject they will strive hard to be satisfied. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and the subject with them is a source of weariness. The directors of the road plead that the branch will not pay, but it seems to me that that topic should have been considered at the outset."

Said Librarian of Congress A. R. Spofford, yesterday, "I consider the matter of street railways a subject of great importance; it might alsmost be said of vital importance, in this as in the other cities of our land. Washington is situated differently from other cities in a great many respects. While other cities are municipalities, Washington cannot properly be classed as one, since it is at once the charge of Congress and the District Commissioners.

"The local railways are ofttimes, it must be confessed, disagreeable in their attitude toward the public, and the peace of the public mind is at such times disturbed to a high degree. It would be well and practicable to place the street railways more fully under the control of Congress. Fatalities should have been relegated to the past long ere this, and it is a matter of constant regret that proper safeguards are not provided to secure public convenience and safety.

"Under the existing laws the Commissioners are greatly restricted in their authority over many features of tramway traffic, but it is to be hoped that the attitude of the railways and the desires of the public will coincide."

"There is a condition of things," remarked Mr. W. P. King, of Alexandria, "which should and could be avoided. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Washington and Georgetown Railroad Company are too apt to express their mutual esteem for each other in an embrace of trains at the junction on Seventh street. Nine days out of ten freight cars are side-tracked in the vicinity of the crossing and under an approaching locomotive, practically invisible until quite close to Seventh street.

"The cable road is not as careful as it was just previous to the passage of their regulation requiring all conductors to go in advance of the cable train and look out for an approaching train. I have seen the guard poles descend and all but embrace a cable train, and I would ask why is not the regulation enforced."

The Money Question in a Marriage.

A man of more or less mature years, says a writer in the Ledger, who has made or is making a competence or a good living, marries a young woman, sometimes scarcely more than a child. She has been in school almost all of her life, and has never assumed any responsibility in money matters other than to be expected to make her allowance buy candy and other petty luxuries. If the money were all gone she went without confectionery and trinkets until the next time, and it was just as well, perhaps better. This constituted her limit of financial experience. Her bills were paid, her necessities provided for, incidentals were looked after, and shortage was made up. Whatever she wanted in excess of this she coaxed or cried for until she got it, or maybe was sulky, sullen, or disobliging until the coveted article was forthcoming as the easiest way out of the unpleasant state of affairs.

Fairly launched upon the sea of married life, that condition in which young people feel at liberty to do as they like, her natural inclinations, untrained and unguided in the bud, blossom out into extravagant and unreasonable demands, and feeling a perfect right to call for whatever she desires, trouble comes sometimes suddenly and without warning. It is safe to say that money matters are responsible for more domestic infelicities than all other causes combined. The man is not long in discovering that his wife manages badly, and he tightens the purse-strings. Instead of carefully instructing her in the use of this necessity of life, he becomes arbitrary and often unreasonable, insisting, in many cases, that all articles shall be bought on credit and the bills sent to him to overlook.

There are a few things in the world more annoying than a systematic espionage of this sort, and the knowledge that even the most trivial purchase has to be accounted for. It is humiliating and puts the mistress of the house on the level of an irresponsible child. How much better it would be to arrange at the outset some fixed method in which forbearance on both sides forms an important part. Honorable, straightforward, honest men have very little reason to fear the knowledge which their wives may have in their business. It is only when illegitimate pleasures and indulgencies are to be provided for that there is any occasion for such secrecy.

A woman who is confided in and trusted will, as a rule, feel quite as much pride in and interest for her husband's prosperity as he himself does, and it is almost always possible, when business is depressed, for a well-informed woman to curtail expenses and suit her demands to the exigences of the situation. But where there is no understanding or confidence, where money is literally doled out, and that, too, in the most grudging manner, a feeling of resentment springs up, and the idea prevails that there must be just so much contention anyway in order to get what is required. Under such circumstances there is no wonder if the demands are excessive and infilicities follow fast upon one another's heels.

The money question, more than any other, is responsible for the reluctance of women to marry and their ambition to provide a competence for themselves.

THE DEADLY PERILS OF PASTRY.

"I am told," says Mrs. Rorer, "that New Yorkers do not customarily have pie for dinner. I hope this is true. They have it in New England, though, not only for dinner, but for breakfast, too, and about nine women out of every ten there have nervous prostration between the ages of thirty-five and forty. No wonder! Think of having to digest pork and beans once a week, at least, regularly, and pie! I have never yet seen a case of nervous prostration that did not come from poor food, and not from overwork. If the brain-worker feeds himself properly he will run no risk of nervous prostration.

"If you must have pastry I wish I could convert you to the French puff paste, as of the two it is really the less indigestible. Good paste cannot be made from spring wheat flour; it requires winter wheat flour.

"Never use lard. Better have a pie once a year made with butter than every day made with lard. Paste is always better when it stands on the ice over night. The oven must be very hot. It is hard to make the average woman understand how to heat a stove properly."

"Have everything as cold as possible," said Mrs. Rorer. "In warm weather stand the butter and flour in the refrigerator several hours before using. Put the sifted flour into a large mixing bowl; add the salt and sugar. Place the butter in the center of the flour and with a sharp knife cut it into small pieces, at the same time mixing it with the flour. Now add the ice water gradually, lifting with the knife that portion which you have moistened first, and pushing it to one side of the bowl, and so continue until all is moistened. Then cut and mix it together until you can lift it from the bowl with the knife. Dredge the baking board lightly with flour, turn the paste out on this, dredge with flour, and roll lightly and quickly from you in a long thin sheet. Fold first the sides and then the ends, turn the paste around and roll from you again; fold and roll again, and then fold and stand on the ice until wanted. To have this paste a perfect success the materials should be very cold, mixed and rolled quickly, using as little flour as possible in finishing.

"To make a lemon filling for pie separate three eggs; add to the yolks gradually a cup of granulated sugar and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Be careful not to grate the white that is under the yellow of the rind, for that is bitter. In a half-pint cup put a tablespoonful of flour; add milk to fill the cup, then stir with the yolks and sugar, and strain through a sieve.

"For old-fashioned apple pie slice the apples very thin, place in the unbaked crust and cover with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and two of water. This must be baked about thirty minutes. Never use spices. Add instead a little lemon, as this heightens the apple flavor, while spices destroy it. The secret of French sauces is in the harmony of flavoring."

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A Girl's Ball Dress in 1838.

Here is a description of a girl's first ball-dress, taken from a letter written in 1838, by a young woman of fifteen to her maiden aunt: "I went to the ball on the 22d, and enjoyed myself very much; I did not take any cold. We had beautiful music and an excellent supper; at least it looked nice, but I did not eat anything. I was afraid if I did I might be sick. Perhaps you would like to know how I was dressed. I bought me a bishop's lawn dress at seventy cents a yard (it was a very nice piece), and got Miss Almira Bradley to make it. She made it Grecian bodist, and leg-of-mutton sleeves plaited down She said that ruffled sleeves were entirely out of fashion. I had a piece of pink gauze ribbon tied in a bow at the bottom of the plaits, and a piece of the same tied around my waist and tied in a bow at the point. I had a pink Donna Maria scarf, with a tassel at each end fastened on the left shoulder with a very small boquet. I had a new pair of white kid, and a new pair of French slippers, and a lace under-handkerchief trimmed with a narrow lace edging. I wore a thin flannel petticoat and a thick one, with another cambric muslin one over that. I had on a pair of worsted stockings and silk ones over them. I had my hair curled at the barbers; I had to sit still two hours to have it done. I went to the ball at 7 o'clock and got home at two. Miss Sarah Hildreth was the belle; she looked very beautiful; she had on a satin dress with a figured blonde over that, and a black mantilla. Her blonde dress was so long that it dragged seven or eight inches."

ANTI-OPTION BILL READY.

Numerous Modifications in the Measure in the Final Report.

The House Committee on Agriculture has completed its consideration of the anti-option bill yesterday and authorized it to be reported to the House in the amended form agreed upon.

The bill provides that every "options" contract and every "futures" contract shall have affixed thereto internal revenue stamps representing taxes as follows: For every 10,000 pounds of cotton, hops, pork, lard, bacon, dried, salt and pickled meats, one cent, and every 1,000 bushels of wheat and other grains one cent.

Every cancellation, clearance, acquittance, contango, backwardation privilege, waiver, or other agreement by which the "options" or "futures" is terminated otherwise than by actual sale and delivery, or such termination is delayed or obviated, must also have affixed thereto internal revenue stamps representing the taxes required for the various products as specified.

Other sections of the bill fix a license fee for dealers in options, and require notice of removal to collectors of internal revenue in case of a change of place of business.

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MENDONCA IS UNINFORMED.

He Says He Don't Know How the Revolutionists Will Be Punished.

Minister Mendonca yesterday said that he had received no information from Brazil regarding the probable course of President Peixoto toward the surrendered revolutionists, and consequently would neither affirm nor deny the report that they would be executed without trial under the imperial decrees of 1838 and 1851.

These decrees of the empire, the minister said, are still part of the law of Brazil, as the republic has repealed only such of the old laws as came in conflict with its system. They merely carry into effect, he said, established laws of warfare, which permit the summary execution of insurrectionists who are captured under arms or surrender unconditionally, and prescribe the details of the manner in which the prisoners shall be executed.

Shooting is the form of death demanded by these laws, and they provide for a more summary process even than the drumhead court-martial, which is the shortest form of military trial common to most nations.

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Land Grants to the Arid States.

The Senate Committee on Public Lands will probably soon take up Senator Carey's bill granting to each of the arid land states and territories a million acres each of the public lands to be sold to the settlers in lots of 160 acres each. The Secretary of Interior indorses this bill, and the commissioner of the general land office has written a letter in which he takes advanced ground in favor of the improvement of the arid regions by placing the work under the control of the various states.

Justice Jackson's Health.

Letters received from Justice Jackson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who is now at Atlanta, Ga., say that his health is very much improved and that he will return to Washington about April 1 and resume his place on the bench.

Policy Promoter Sentenced.

Richard, alias Dixie, Mahoney, a colored boy, who was arrested for promoting policy, was sentenced by Judge Kimball yesterday to three months in the work house.

Times readers patronize Times advertisers, and go out of the way to do it.

Marrying a Soldier.

Lena, says the Ledger, has been for some time past engaged to a man who is a soldier in the regular army. Her father is bitterly opposed to the marriage, and says rather unkind things of the young man. Lena is devoted to him and feels willing to share the humble lot of a common soldier and to assist by her musical and other talents in making a home. Her parents are wealthy society people and have brought their daughter up in luxury. She is very unhappy, and asks the Ledger's advice about marrying her soldier boy. Answer: The first question for a sensible girl to ask when a man proposes marriage is, has he the means, ability, and inclination to make a home for the woman he asks to be his wife. No man has the right to ask a girl to assume the responsibilities of a wife and the care of the children, who may reasonably be expected, unless he can see his way to give her at least the comforts of life. If he insists upon marriage and upon her trusting to luck, or depending upon her friends for help in time of trouble, he lacks some of the elements of sturdy, sterling manhood. That can be no truly unselfish love that is willing to allow its object to face the possibilities of wedlock on $12 a month. It is always well to consider such matters from all points. It is certainly praiseworthy in Lena to wish to assist in making a home. But how could she do so to advantage if there were little ones to look after and teach? And long and severe illness may come, and with a husband ordered away to some distant point, the situation would be anything but alluring.

Many a woman who has married a soldier has been forced to take in washing to keep her family from want. Musical and artistic talent cannot always be turned to account, and tenderly reared girls have but little conception of the trials they may be forced to undergo. As for the social side of the case, there is no reason why a common soldier should be less honorable than a civilian. If he serves his country well and faithfully, he deserves and will receive the respect of his fellows and of the community in which his obligations to his native land have placed him.

A CHANCE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. Nathan Straus, says Harper's Weekly, who is continually devising new schemes to benefit his fellows, gives out that he is busy now on a plan for burying folks at cost. It is a good work. If Mr. Straus does no more than merely to ascertain and publish what is the real cost of contemporary burial, he will illuminate one of the obscurest subjects with which moderns have to deal. The necessaries are about the same in all funerals, cheap or dear. A hearse, a coffin, some carriages, some black gloves for bearers, a grave—that short list covers most of the items that society regards as comparatively indispensable. It appears, however, that the bill for furnishing them may easily range from $25 up to $2,500, while the taste for display, if the mourners happen to have it, may be gratified to the extent of as many additional thousands as they may care to provide.

Mr. Straus says that the undertakers charge too much, that hundred-dollar funerals do not really cost more than thirty dollars, and that poor people ought to get their funerals at cost. He hopes to provide them with facilities for doing so, and without any prejudice to the prosperity of the undertakers, we trust that he may be able to do so. It is not to be expected of him that he shall also interest himself in the relief of the well-to-do, but it would be interesting to know if the same proportion between cost and charge which he objects to in the funerals of the poor, obtains in more expensive obsequies. Is the real cost of a $300 funeral no more than one hundred dollars? Is the real cost of a $500 funeral less than $200? When the undertaker's bill reaches $2,000, is $1,300 of it somebody's profit? It is suspected that all these questions could be answered by slightly qualified affirmatives. It is known that it takes an expert to detect any difference between a funeral costing $400 and one valued at five times that sum. In the bills for such a pair of funerals the single item which will ordinarily be greater in one than in the other will be the casket. In one bill that item will be $200 or $300, in the other, $1,700 or $1,800. Yet the two caskets look exactly alike. Whether there is any reasonable approach to such a difference in their value as the bills suggest is something which the undertaker may know, but which the customer doesn't. He doesn't want to dicker about caskets. He simply tells the undertaker to go ahead and provide what is proper. When he finally comes to pay the bill he wonders in a wild way how much of it is for goods delivered and services done, and how much is in the nature of an inheritance tax for the benefit of undertakers.

The truth is that there is a chance for a new profession in connection with burials. We already have undertakers who undertake the funerals. What is needed are funeral attorneys who will undertake the undertakers. They should be expert persons, who know the real value of all sorts of caskets, as well as the true worth of undertakers' services. Their province should be to find out what grade of funeral is really desired, and to represent the bereaved in the deal with the undertaker. Of course they should not be in collusion either with the undertakers or the casket factories, and it should be ever present in their minds that their business is primarily to protect the bereaved, and not merely to reduce the undertaker's profits by sharing them. It would be as well, or better, if the funeral attorney business could be carried on in connection with some other avocation, as the care of real estate, or the sale of flowers, thereby lessening the temptation of persons who engage in it to make it improperly profitable. In all cases, too, the attorney's charge should be a fixed sum, bearing some relation, perhaps, to the cost of the funeral, but moderate, and previously ascertained by law or custom.

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Walker and Kirkland's Orders.

The formal orders of Admirals Walker and Kirkland were made out at the Navy Department yesterday. Admiral Walker is detached from the Inspection and Stability Boards on the 28th and ordered to San Francisco to take the steamer of April 5 for Honolulu, where he will relieve Admiral Irwin of command of the Pacific station. Admiral Kirkland is ordered to take the steamer of the 28th from New York to Southampton, England, and then to proceed to Montevideo and hoist his flag on the Newark. Orders were also issued to the staff officers to accompany the admirals.

R. T. Wilson & Co. Finally Win.

Attorney General Olney submitted an opinion on the validity of the Cherokee bond contract to the Secretary of the Interior yesterday. He sustains the latter's decision that the Cherokee Nation has a right to assign the $6,640,000 bonds to R. T. Wilson & Co., of New York city.

Read The Times' advertisements, and other things being equal, a favor to our advertisers will be a favor to The Times.

Coeur d'Alene Indian Agreement.

Secretary Hoke Smith sent to Congress yesterday an agreement made with the Coeur d'Alene Indians, in Idaho, providing for the cession to the United States of the part of the reservation on which the town of Harrison and several other settlements are located.

Democratic Association Meeting.

The Interstate Democratic Association will hold an important meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Union Veteran Legion Hall, 910 Pennsylvania avenue. A full attendance is desired.

Some Actual Stage Money.

[From the London Figaro.]

The richest actor in the world is M. Coquelin, whose fortune is estimated at £200,000. Next to him, in point of wealth, is probably Mr. Henry Irving. Of actresses, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has indubitably made the most money, and—spent the most.

The Times is a live paper for busy people.

Kits of European Soldiers.

[From the London Court Journal.]

The German Emperor recently issued orders directing the weight of German infantry soldiers' accoutrements on the march to be reduced fourteen pounds. But compared to the soldiers of other armies the German foot soldier is not by any means overburdened. He now carries a weight of sixty-one pounds, but in future he will only carry forty-seven pounds, or the same weight that is carried by the Austrian soldier. The burdens borne by the infantry soldiers of the other principal European nations are as follows: British, sixty-two pounds; French, sixty-two pounds; Swiss, fifty-nine pounds; Italian, forty-three pounds. The Russian soldier is more heavily burdened than any other, for a foot soldier in the army of the Czar carries a weight of over sixty-pounds.

INTER-STATE DEMOCRATIC ASSOCIATION

An Adjourned Meeting of this Association will be held SUNDAY AFTERNOON, March 25, at 3 o'clock, in the Union Veteran Legion Hall, 910 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

All Democrats are cordially invited to co-operate with us. By order

W. B. McDANIEL, Secretary. R. F. GRAY, President.

Take home your copy of The Times every day and let your family read it.

Easter Lilies.

By JAMES SMILEY.

"Herald, Globe—extra!" cried a shrill voice at my elbow, and looking down I saw, not a newspaper boy, but a newspaper girl.

"Why, how did you get here?" I exclaimed, in astonishment, for in all my years as superintendent of the delivery room I had never seen such a queer little figure.

"On my feet," was the quick reply, with all the pathos of the street gamin.

"Oh, Mr. Aimsly, she's all right; she's my sister," cried a boy's anxious voice, and beside me stood "Spud."

What his real name was no one knew. I think the lad himself had almost forgotten. Judging by his sister's it must have been something very fine, but as "Spud" we knew the brightest, merriest, dirtiest boy on Newspaper row.

"Your sister, Spud? Why, I thought you were alone in the world, slept in the delivery room, and ate in Pie alley. When did you find a sister?"

"Oh, 'bout two months ago; she—" Here Spud checked himself suddenly.

"She what, Spud?" I asked, really interested.

"Oh, it's a kinder longish story, an' I've got my extras to sell, so's Maud Is'belle," said Spud, like the true little Yankee he was.

"Well, Spud, sell the extras, and when they are gone I will be in the delivery room if you would like to tell me the longish story," I replied, eager to hear, but knowing well that over-questioning would only render Spud as dumb as an oyster.

It was 8 o'clock that night, and the office people were just lounging about waiting for election returns, before the issue of fresh extras, when from my high desk in the delivery room I looked over the heads of a hundred newsboys to see Spud and his sister enter the doorway together. What a queer pair they were! He much the same as any ragged, dirty, bright-looking paper boy that infests our city streets. But she—truly she was a character.

The child could not have been more than ten years of age, and small for her years. From the waist down she was girl, with a pair of women's shoes fastened to her feet by an elaborate net-work of twine, a short red-brown skirt, and a pair of ancient kid gloves on her poor purple hands. Then the boy part began, for the little girl wore an old jacket and cap that were unmistakably Spud's.

Straight across the room came the two, and I could see wrath in Spud's eyes.

"Mr. Ainsley," he began, "we've come, me and Maud Is'belle, an' if you're a-going to report Maud Is'belle for selling papers I——"

"But, Spud," I interrupted, "I never thought of reporting Maud Isabelle; but," with tact worthy of a diplomat, "if you tell me all about yourself and Maud Isabelle perhaps I can fix it so that no one else will have a chance to report her."

Spud looked at me thoughtfully for a moment. "Mr. Ainsley, you're a brick," he said.

"Sit down," said I, motioning to the steps of my platform, and down they both sat, and Spud began his story. Perhaps it will be as well to ignore the idiomatic expressions, as my poor pen could never do them justice.

"Well," began Spud, clasping his knees with his hands, and watching his foot swing slowly to and fro, "first, father got killed by an engine running over him, and then Kate—she was my stepmother—got arrested for throwing a flatiron at a woman in our street, and 'bout two months ago there came a big letter from the Island to say she and the new baby was dead, and then the cop he took me and Maud Is'belle down to the Island on a tug, an' we was chief mourners at the funeral. Oh! I tell you it was larks! Maud Is'belle she cried some 'cause she's a girl and got scared, but we had just a bully time, an' a dinner a woman they called Matron gave Maud Is'belle an' me. Then they took us home in a tug, an' we never went back home, 'cause a cop was going to take her to a 'syium, an' I don't want her to go to no 'sylum."

"But, Spud," I exclaimed, "where do you sleep?"

"Why, right here in the delivery room, and down at the place where the beds is five cents, an' we get our meals in Pie alley, same as I used to when she was to home," and Spud looked at me with such bright, trustful eyes that I could not find it in my heart to say the little girl ought to go to an asylum. No harm had come to the child of this queer way of living, and the new responsibility had evidently awakened the latent manliness in the careless boy.

"Spud," I said, gravely, "you must know that if you told about Maud Isabelle to any-one else they would see that she was sent to the asylum. Now I am not going to do that, my boy, but we must make some other arrangement, for she cannot rough it as you can. It is going to get colder now, and she must not sleep in the delivery room with the boys. Suppose she comes into my office every night and sleeps in that chair till you have sold the evening papers. Then you can take her to her own bed in some boarding-house, and come back yourself."

Spud only said, "That's so, Mr. Ainsley," and walked soberly out of the office, leaving his sister to play jackstones with the boys; but in an hour he was back to tell me he had found a boarding house where Maud Isabelle could have her bed and her breakfast for seventy-five cents a week.

So it was arranged, and every night Maud Isabelle slipped into my office and silently curled herself up in the big chair for a couple of hours' nap. Then Spud would come to the door and give a sharp, clear whistle, and the sleeping child would spring up and silently slip away.

Night after night this little scene was repeated, until Spud's whistle became as much part of the night's happenings as the striking of the clock.

So the long winter passed, and I began to think great wisdom had been shown in not having Maud Isabelle sent to an asylum, when, on reaching the office one evening, I found the boys gathered in silent groups about the delivery room. There was little or no response to my greeting, and thinking a more than usually exciting row had just taken place, I silently mounted the steps to my desk. Once there, I commanded a view of the room. Over in one corner was a group of boys surrounding Spud, whose face was stern and white under its mask of grime.

"Spud," I called, and the boy looked up and crossed the room. "What's the matter, Spud?" I asked, as he stood beside the desk.

"It's Maud Is'belle, Mr. Ainsley; she's been run over by an electric, and she's took to the hospital, and they won't let me in to see her."

"Won't let you in? There must be some mistake, Spud. Wait a minute and we'll fix it all right."

But it was many minutes before the evening edition was distributed, and I found some one to take my place for a time. Then Spud and I went to the hospital. There was no mistake. Maud Isabelle had been hurt by an electric car, more badly hurt than we dreamed; but a word to the house physician opened the way for us to her bed in the long ward.

There lay the little girl, her tangled hair already clipped off, her face very white and drawn; but the awful work of the car wheels was hidden under the white covelet, at which the thin brown hands were pulling incessantly.

Like the little Indian she so resembled, Maud Isabelle greeted us with a faint little smile, and throwing up her arms caught Spud by the neck and kissed him passionately. It was a pathetic little scene, and leaving the two alone I turned to the house physician with the question, "Can she live?"

"Yes, she may live, for she has the constitution of a savage, but she will be a cripple for life," was the reply.

Poor little Maud Isabelle, with her once nimble feet and birdlike movements to be chained to a chair for life! If we could only place her in an asylum now. The truth was too cruel to tell the boy, so with promises of admittance on the morrow, Spud and I stole away.

Early next morning Spud was at the hospital, and there he staid all day. It was strange to see the noisy lad transferred into a motionless figure sitting by the little bed and holding his sister's small brown hand, which he gently stroked as she moaned with pain.

So good was he that the nurses let him remain, and Maud Isabelle seemed to suffer less when he was by.

Only at night did Spud appear in the office where he sold papers "like fury," as the boys said. He lost little by the day's idleness, for there was never a rival paper boy to be seen on the section of street that Spud selected.

It was the day before Easter, raw and chilly.

Spud was at the hospital as usual, and Maud Isabelle seemed almost like her bright self, until the house physician gravely ordered absolute quiet for the little patient.

"All right," sir," said Spud, and he refused to listen to or even look at Maud Isabelle.

Then the child's large eyes restlessly searched the ward for fresh amusements. Far down at the other end of the long room she spied a tall graceful woman carrying a basket on her arm. Nearer and nearer came the lady, pausing at each bed in turn to smile and give something to the occupant.

"What is it, Spud?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Wait and see, Maud Is'beile,' said Spud, sternly, and he looked like a graven image.

Maud Isabelle did wait, and saw. The lady was distributing splendid white flowers, and from each bed smiles greeted and thanked her as she passed on her mission. The stranger was so near now that Maud Isabelle could see the lilies, and their perfume was wafted to her. Then the lady paused, and, laying down the basket, gathered the remaining flowers in her hands. Nearer and nearer she came, and smaller and smaller grew the bouquet. Maud Isabelle's eyes were bright and her cheeks were flushed with excited anticipation, and she almost sat up in her eagerness.

Suddenly Spud was startled from his day dreams by a sob from the bed, and turning, saw the visitor pass empty-handed through the doorway.

Love had made the boy quick-witted, and it needed no words to tell him of the bitter disappointment.

"Don't cry, Maud Is'belle, I am going to get you a flower," and like a whirlwind he rushed out of the ward. Through the streets Spud ran, and burst into the delivery room. It was between editions, and the boys were scattered about, resting.

"Which of you fellers will lend me a quarter?" called Spud from the doorway, and a score of boys sprang to their feet and gathered about him.

"What's the matter, Spud?"

"Lost your money, Spud?" asked several.

"I want it for Maud Is'belle," gasped the breathless boy.

"Ain't they treating her right in the hospital?"

"Don't they give her enough to eat?" demanded the listeners.

"No," cried Spud, "it ain't that; but there was a lady up there a-giving away big white lilies, and Maud Is'belle wanted one, and they didn't give her any, and Maud Is'belle cried."

"What," muttered the boys, "didn't give Maud Is'belle any? Ain't they muckers?" And a grimy hand went into every pocket.

"Fellers," shouted a big rough boy, mounted on a pile of yesterday's papers—"fellers, let's not lend Spud any tin. Let's send Maud Is'belle some flowers. Let's show the folks at that hospital that we don't care for their old flowers, an' Maud Is'belle can have more than anybody. Come, fellers' let's go to Stanton's," and with a wild yell the boys rushed pell-mell down the stairs.

On the marble counter lay the mound of blossoms, and the florist entered into the spirit of the purchase.

"No, yer don't!" cried the big boy, as the man was about to produce paper and twine. "We don't send ours in any paper. Now, Spud," said the self-constituted spokesman, filling his arms with lilies," you just hustle onter a car; don't stop ter walk, 'cause Maud Is'belle is waiting, an' give her the flowers with our compliments."

In twenty minutes Spud was at the hospital and standing by his sister's bed. "Maud Is'belle," he said, speaking very loud, that nurses and patients might hear—"Maud Is'belle, here are some flowers, with the compliments of your gentlemen friends. It's the fellers in the office," he whispered by way of explanation, but Maud Is'belle did not hear. At the first word she had turned to Spud, and opening wide her thin arms, clasped the great bouquet in speechless happiness.

"Sha'n't I put them in water for you, right here by your bed?" asked the nurse of the ward kindly, and Maud Isabelle assented with a nod.

"Won't the smell be too strong for the poor child?" asked the nurse of the house physician.

"No, let the flowers remain by her; nothing can hurt her—now," was the grave reply.

All day Maud Isabelle lay blissfully happy, her hand in Spud's, gazing at the lilies. All day Spud sat beside her, casting scornful, triumphant glances at the single blossoms of the other patients.

"How glad the fellers will be!" he thought, as the child's eyes grew bright.

Toward evening they drew the boy away from the little bed, feigning the child needed quiet, and as Easter dawned little Maud Isabelle fell asleep admist her lilies.

They Abuse the Sex.

Bourget: A woman is always grateful to you for having thrown you overboard.

Balzac: It is only the last love of a woman that can satisfy the first love of a man.

Commerson: Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.

Chamfort: A woman is like your shadow: follow her, she flies; fly from her, she follows.

Balzac: Women are apt to see chiefly the defects of a man of talent and the merits of a fool.

Russian Proverb: The dog is more intelligent than woman, for he never barks at his master.

George Meredith: An opinion formed by a woman is inflexible; the fact is not half so stubborn.

Balzac: A girl who is stupid, ugly, poor, and good possesses the four cardinal points of misery.